



RESTORATION



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A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Eternal Joy; Lately I have read many stories of heroic souls who live in suffering, offering their pain joyously to You as prayer.

I envy them, Lord. I envy especially those people like Mary Ellen Kelly, who originated the Shut-In Sodality, and Father Raymond, the wonderful Trappist who is dying of cancer and writing lyrical books to You.

I envy them, but I do not wish to emulate them. You have shown me, by those trivial little accidents You permitted me to endure, that there are prayers as acceptable to You as suffering willingly borne.

Prayer of Joy

There is the prayer of perfect joy, for instance. And how rarely it is presented to You, God! When we are happy, we usually forget You. We even forget or never realize that You are the cause of our happiness.

But how dear must be the prayer of a happy soul who DOES think of You, and who thanks You for Your gift!

The sufferer has always his pain; so he knows constantly that You are with him. He knows You cannot fail to accept his pain, his prayer, his love. And that gives him a sort of happiness most Christians never know. The longer he suffers, the closer You come to him. The greater his pain, the more certain is he of Your love. He appreciates Your love because He has such need of it!

How many of us know we need You most when we are most happy?

What do we need to make us happy? A new convertible with red leather seats? A final payment on the first mortgage? A boy-friend? A good-paying job or a promotion with twice as much money? A good book? A new suit or hat? A broiled lobster and a half a keg of beer?

There was a time when I wanted some of these things, when I worked for them, and only for them; and when I never thought of You, the maker and giver of all things.

A Hot Dog and A Star

Now my happiness is made of little things. The glory of sunrise in the painted East. A spider's web shining in the mist. A marigold in full bloom. A robin staring at me from the top of a fence post. A mushroom lying at my feet. A hamburger or a hot dog—or even a plateful of spinach and melted cheese—brought into me from the kitchen. A bunch of wild flowers brought into my room. The glory of sunset in the encrimsoned West. The splendor of the

moon and the stars. The faces of happy friends.

You are in all these things, Lord; and I have come to recognize You in them. So I do not need pain to remind me of Your existence. (Not exactly, that is.) I reach moment of tremendous joy—and I know, immediately, that this is a gift from You. And, immediately, I try to thank You for it.

The accidents were funny. You tweaked me a little. Finger and toe. I suffered for a short while. But on the whole I really enjoyed Your attentions. And I learned many things from them. A man has to learn many things when he's immobilized, even by such ridiculous things as a broken toe and an aching finger.

Now She Tells Me!

Thanks for the fun, Lord, and my wife's comments.

When the doctor had x-rayed my aching foot, found the break, and swathed my leg with plaster-of-paris bandages—so that it weighs half a ton and I have to drag it along as though it were a trailer full of rocks—my wife gave me one of her reproving looks and said: "Always look where you are going!"

After I had stuck my finger in the electric fan, and she had washed and bandaged it, she said: "Never stick your finger in a fan!"

Thanks, God, for her solicitude, and her maternal consolations.

I felt like a little boy bringing stink weeds to his best girl, offering to You the foolish hurts of finger and toe—a boy wishing he could afford the orchids of Mary Kelly and Fr. Raymond. But I remembered that You make stink weeds—and very good ones—as well as orchids. If we give back to You what You give us, that is the best we can do.

Prayer of a Sinner

I was glad you didn't break one or both legs, God, and that You didn't let that lethal fan do more than knick my finger nail. I offered You my thanks—and there wasn't a stink weed in the bunch. It was then I began to think about offering You Joy, as well as Pain, or Agony, or Sorrow.

And I began, seriously, to think of another prayer that must be as acceptable to You as the acknowledgment of pain and sorrow, and the acceptance of either or both. I began, seriously to consider the tremendous importance of praying to You when we are in sin.

You know the kind of sin that is mine. I do not think there is an ounce of malice in it. There is weakness in it—of which I am ashamed. And there is plenty of self-love in it—which I deplore. I am flabby, Lord, where I should be rigid. I have a tendency to pamper and excuse myself—in which I join a lot of people in Madonna House who love to excuse and pamper me.

Lord Have Mercy

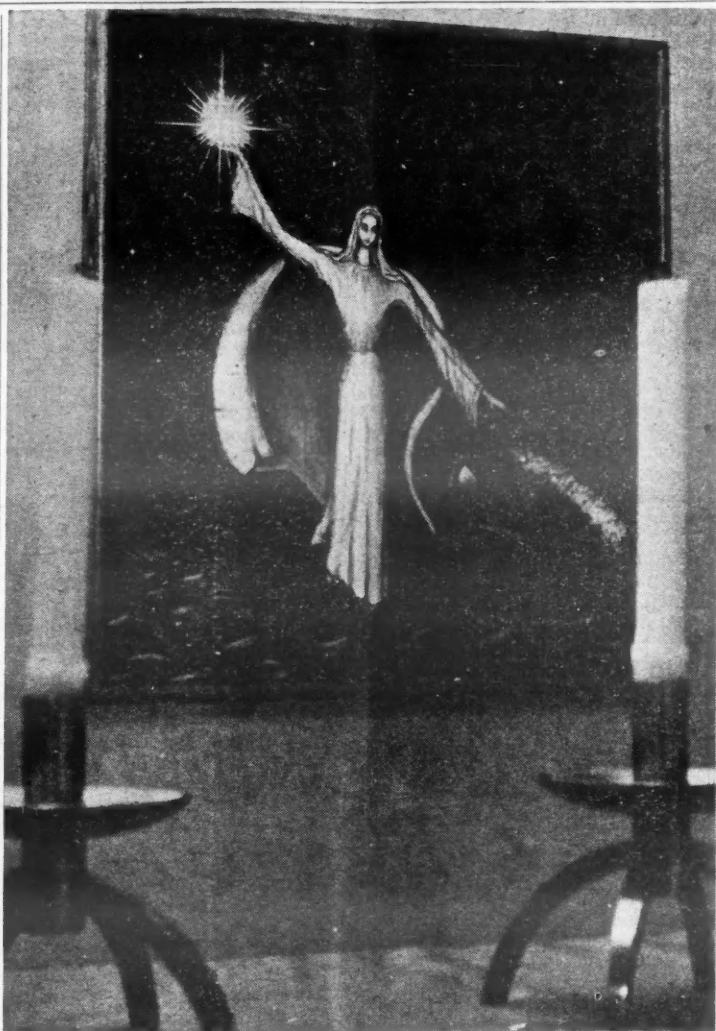
There was a time when I quit praying, once I had fallen below my own low standards of behavior. I was afraid or ashamed to pray. But now I pray most earnestly when I have failed You—and myself. I think You like that. I remind myself every so often about Christ's story of the publican who did not dare go near the altar but merely lifted his heart, saying, "Lord have mercy on me, a sinner."

So I pray often to You, because of my weakness, my desperate need of Your help. I pray often because I sin so often. And I pray often because I am so frequently blessed with Your gift of happiness.

I repeat Lord, that I envy Your friends, Fr. Raymond and Mary Ellen. But I do not ask for the blessing You have given them. I am sure I could not handle it so beautifully as they do, could not thank you for it so sincerely as they do, could not use it as they do.

I ask no part in their suffering. I ask for no suffering of my own; but if You send it my way I shall not refuse it, and will do the best I can with it. (But You will have to give me abundant graces to go with it.)

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"Our Stella Maris House, in Portland, Oregon, has a beautiful new painting in its chapel. It is the work of Fr. H. F. Menard of the New Orleans archdiocese. It shows Our Lady coming sweetly toward her children through the dark night and across the restless black wastes of the ocean, the star of her love shining brightly above her. Our Lady, Star of the Sea.

Chit-Chat Apostolate

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Ore.—This summer has brought to our attention very forcefully that trade mark of the Apostolate—Hospitality. That warm and gracious ability to take people into your home without any fuss or bother, with great simplicity, not being concerned with the location of your home or its furnishings, serving coffee and cookies if the occasion is right, or maybe just plain bread and jam if there are no cookies. Never giving the feeling "Oh, I wish they'd go home", but being truly responsive to the needs of others.

The warmth and love and simplicity in these homes attracts people. Some good friends of ours have been married about a year. Very deeply in love with each other and with God, their home is a haven of peace and serenity. Their door is always open for whoever comes. . . . It is never too late or too early to stop by. They are always looking for ways of being of service to others—but it is a very natural part of their living, seemingly without effort. One night lately after a meeting, I stopped by. They were telling me it was an unusual night as I was the first visitor!

Coffee and Talk

The University of Portland run by the Holy Cross Fathers was host this summer to hundreds of people each Tuesday night when Fr. Louis Putz gave his lectures. And a wonderful series it was too giving much inspiration and encouragement to the Apostolate in Portland. After the lectures were over, we went to the home of one of the CFM couples who lived nearby.

There would be 20 or 30 people crowded into their living room, having coffee, discussing many affairs of common interest and finally a general discussion with Fr. Putz. The kitchen was filled with ladies talking over their problems with children, canning, laundry, and their involvement in the Apostolate.

A visitor remarked one night how almost tangible was the feeling of community among these people—yet each week half the group was different. Every night someone brought along a pound of coffee, a bag of cookies, and a bottle of cream, so the burden wouldn't be too great on the hosts. "See these Christians how they love one another!"

In this warm and friendly atmosphere, a great many ideas came forth for future activities in the Portland area. Ideas of how they could reach out and be of help and assistance to others, as well as deepen their own foundations.

4 or 5 to 11

One wonderful mother of 11 rented an old school house for a month to give the children a change and an opportunity to "rough it". Before going she invited people to come visit her. Many did, going to spend a day or two or, maybe even a week or more! A warm happy person, outgoing to others, sharing with them what she has. The visitors all came away impressed with her family, their discipline, the affection and consideration shown each other. They then gained the strength and encouragement to carry on with their four or five.

From this kind of hospitality, and the discussions, many ideas came forth. As the result of a group of friends painting one family's house, one couple, with their baby, will spend the weekend taking care of another family's eight children—giving the older parents a weekend alone.

These are the homes which are open to children of other families when a new baby comes. These are the homes open to foreign students and visitors to this country, giving them a first hand picture of a normal American family. These mothers are willing to watch a child during the day while the neighbor lady goes shopping or to the doctor. These are the instigators of neighborhood picnics—the spirit soon spreads from one or two families to the block.

(Continued on Page Four)

LAY APOSTLES NEED SPECIAL TRAINING

By Catherine deHueck Doherty

In the last article we discussed the slow methods we have to undergo in the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House, in order to clarify the theological training of the young people who come here to give their lives to God.

Theology and liturgy form the base of the dogmatic knowledge that is so vital and necessary in the training of the Lay Apostles, but one must take pains to build a proper structure on this base.

One step in the spiritual formation of our young people is the taking of vows, promises, or oaths—which attests their total dedication, for life, to the ministry of the apostolate.

The scope of their activity is as wide as the domain of the laity. They endeavor to further the interests of the Church in every part of that domain, sometimes merely by giving good example, sometimes by undertaking special tasks mandated by hierarchy.

Lay Missionaries

Secular Institutes—and Madonna House is one in the making—exist for teaching, for training men and women in Catholic Action and for preparing them to assist in teaching Catechism or in performing other "missionary work" at home or abroad.

All are distinguished by one essential and salient fact: THEIR ACTIVITIES ARE, AND WILL BE, CARRIED OUT IN THE WORLD, IN THE SO-CALLED MARKET PLACES.

Secular Institutes, or Lay Apostolates in process of becoming such, are a new vocation, officially approved of by Pope Pius XII in 1947. They have a canonical status. Hence their superiors should be fully aware of the training they must give their members, so that these may be properly equipped for their vocation.

They must keep constantly in mind the fact that this vocation is not one for the convent or the monastery; that it is practiced in the heat of the day and the dark of the night, in city slums or rural settlements, in the open—where hundreds may watch the lay apostle at his work.

Task Is Great

The task of preparing these young men and women is serious and immense. And one must consider well the peculiarities of this vocation in forming rules and regulations. Their chastity has to be practiced "in the world." By the essence of her vocation, a young woman will frequently have to deal with men. Hungry men, sometimes desperate men. Drunken men. Sometimes criminal men. And a young man will often have to deal with women. They must be well prepared indeed!

Their obedience must also be practiced under unusual circumstances. They are not subject to the canonical "common life." They are not obliged to live in a certain house, or houses—as monks or nuns do. Sometimes two or three will live apart, though working in the same "mission station." Sometimes a man or a woman will be forced to live alone. It will not be possible, always, to ask permission of a superior before one acts. Hence the spirit and the character of obedience must be fostered by the trainer before the lay apostle is sent anywhere.

The newcomers must be screened, even on application. One must know them thoroughly, their personalities, their traits, their temperaments, their weaknesses, their potentialities, their virtues, and their spiritual possibilities.

All For Love

And one must present to them, vividly and clearly, all the fundamentals of the Catholic faith. They must be taught to love God with all of their hearts and minds, and to do, for His love, whatever God has in mind for them to do.

The superior must make a continuous evaluation of each member of the Institute, changing this evaluation if necessary, or confirming it with further and further study. Each must have a practical and academic training, according to his or her talents; and each must be given opportunities to develop those talents. Responsibilities must be imposed, gradually; and must be increased as each grows in wisdom, maturity, and grace.

The training period must be long enough to give each member of the Institute a thorough understanding of the vows, promises, or oaths, required.

In Madonna House the newcomer may spend six months or a year before he becomes a Staff Worker Applicant. He may spend many more months before he comes a Staff Worker. And he may be kept at Madonna House for a longer period before he is sent to one of the Foundations. There his ability to "live in the market place" will be tested.

He may remain in this Foundation a year or so, or even longer, as a pupil. Then he may be called back to Madonna House for further training, or he may be sent to a college, hospital, or other institution, for some professional education. For instance, two of our Staff Workers who happen to be nurses, have been called in from their posts in the Western section of the U.S.A., and will soon begin a special course in the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn.

In the next article I shall deal with these matters in more detail.

Combermere Diary

The new Catechetical team, appointed to assist Father Tom Rowland in the parish of Christ the King, in Balmorhea, Texas, consists of Staff Workers Theresa Davis, Marilyn Williamson, and Joe Walker.

Staff Workers Rae Jean Neudig, and Irene Chauvin, both Registered Nurses, have been appointed to take post graduate courses in Psychiatric Nursing, in Rochester, Minnesota.

Jack Scanlon spent his holidays in the Yukon, and Ray Fecteau returned to Madonna House, after several months' absence, visiting all the field foundations.

For the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, on July 16th, it seems Mary so arranged that Two of her sons, Carmelite priests, were present. They were able to afford us a Solemn High Mass with the help of one of our chaplains.

We enjoyed an exhibit of Russian Icons brought to us by one of our friends from New York.

Father Briere and a large group from here, made the pilgrimage to Saint Ann's Shrine, in Cormac, Ontario, on the Feast of St. Ann, July 26th.

For our Retreat, ending on August 15th, given by Father Paul Bechard, twenty four Staffers either made or renewed their Promises.

Additional appointments: Marie Langlois to Arizona; Edith Scott from Maryhouse to Madonna House; Sean O'Callaghan and Paul Holland to the Yukon. Janet Hill and Mary Beth Mitchell went from Madonna House to Marian Centre, Edmonton.

And so another good summer has ended; and school days greet us all again. May all knowledge, lead us to love and Love.

The Mass

Why do you quaver,
huddled like sheep?
See him who stands
in scarlet deep!

Raymond Rosellep

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Life is becoming more complex every day, especially Catholic life. More and more we are bewildered by ponderously written scientific facts presented by Catholic writers, clerical and lay.

There are more and more books published about sociology . . . the family . . . the patterns of teen-agers . . . the parish . . . More and more . . . Lord help us . . . more and more and more!

Statistics are dredged up everywhere and scattered through everything. Statistics that may or may not mean a thing. Definitions are re-defined daily. They are enlarged and expounded upon, only to be found of little use tomorrow. Tomorrow they will have to be re-defined.

In all this welter of figures, facts, highbrow words and phrases, ordinary men and women become lost, often hopelessly lost. Some are in such despair of finding their way out of this mess they murmur pitiously, "why did I ever learn to read?"

One priest exclaimed: "I confess I do not understand this article on the family. It is written by an expert. He says he is an expert. But I do not understand three sentences in his whole doctrine. Now I am an educated priest. And if I cannot get even the gist of what the writer is trying to say, what lay person can?"

Around us the darkness grows darker. It swirls and whirls. It is at first a whiff or two of mist. But it soon becomes a dense and deadening fog. It is impenetrable. It shuts out all paths. It leaves us blind, groping, helpless.

The darkness of hate is trying to conquer the kingdom of love and light.

Why are the simple fundamentals of our Holy Faith obscured and wallowing in the scientific jargon of the "experts," in their endless columns of statistical figures, and in their crazy and contradictory definitions that become obsolescent even as they drop from the tired minds of their authors?

Are present day writers trying to show us their profundity? If so they are tragically mistaken. Christ was profound, but He spoke simply, clearly, even in parables.

The simple verities of our faith are in the Gospels, truths that would nourish hope, relieve tired minds and souls, revive the sick at heart, give courage to the timid, and fill the sad with joy. They are waiting to be read, to be seen, to be heard. They should be available to all. They should be shouted from the housetops. But they are mixed up with new phrases, and nifty seven-dollar words, and impressive sets of facts and figures—and they are not shouted, they are gargled!

One understood some time ago that GOD LOVED US FIRST, the unfathomable, incomprehensible, overwhelming mystery of love . . . and realized He wanted all men to love Him. God made it simple. "Love me; love your neighbor." Why must man make it so complex that the meaning is buried?

Men hunger today for the Truth, as they hungered when Christ walked the earth. Why do not our philosophers and our theologians and our experts on sociology, the family, etc., etc., feed them? Are they so busy with the sound of their own words that they have no time to feel compassion for the multitude—or to cater to them.

With a few loaves and a few fishes Christ fed 5,000. With a few words he fed uncounted millions.

With millions of words our modern experts heap mounds of sands upon the food of love, and let the world go hungry!

Lay Missionaries

One of the most unusual caravans of lay missionaries ever to board a bus, set out for Mexico City, last July. The leading family consists of Mario and Estelle Carota, of Aptos, California, and their sixteen children. The Carotas, blessed with five children of their own, adopted eleven, of various nationalities. The four oldest are boys.

With four other couples and

their children they left California after attending the regional convention of the Christian Family Movement, in San Francisco. In Mexico, in cooperation with members of the Christian Family Movement there, they will build a trade school. The children, although they are young, have become skilled in various trades through the instruction and example given by their father.

Mario Carota is an engineer at the radiation laboratory at the University of California in Berkeley. He began this project in his six-weeks vacation as a dramatization for the need of lay-missionary work.

Journey Inward

By

Catherine de Hueck Doherty

It was a cold winter evening. Father was away somewhere on one of his long diplomatic journeys. My brothers were fast asleep. And mother and I were sitting in the kitchen, as we often did, listening to the stories of Pilgrims.

This time, it was an older man, who was telling us a tale of love—about a simple peasant fellow who once long ago, felt compelled to go on a long pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

He had worked hard to save enough money for his trip across the sea; and for good sturdy shoes to make the long journey from the North of Russia to Odessa in the south—some 3000 miles of hard walking! For it was from that city that he had to embark for the Holy Land—the end of his desires.

Heart of God

Finally the great day arrived and he set off on his holy quest. With many embellishments the Pilgrim went on to tell what hardships faced him daily. His little store of cash was depleted by his flaming charity. How when he was within a hundred miles of Odessa, the port of his hopes, he discovered that he was penniless and could not finish his trip.

He wept bitterly—in some forgotten shrine—by the wayside. Weeping, he fell asleep. He felt a touch of a hand on his shoulder. Awakening he saw the Lord—who told him that because of his charity and his love of souls, He would take his heart—the heart of a pilgrim of love—and exchange it for His own wounded heart. This transaction took place. He fell asleep again, and awoke refreshed, fearless, and with deep understanding that his life henceforth—his vocation, as it were—would be a life-long pilgrimage in quest of souls. This quest would end when he would be welcomed into the Eternal Jerusalem—the Holy Land of the Kingdom of God.

This tale impressed me very much. And I prayed that my life might be the same as his.

My Heart and I

My heart
Is a stranger
Today . . .
It has left
Me
And gone . . .
Wandered off
And away.
My heart
Is a stranger
Today . . .
But where
Has it gone?
Has it really
Wandered away?
Or has it made
Its way
To His heart?
My heart
Is a stranger
Today . . .
And yet,
Maybe
I gave it away
Yesterday . . .
When I knew
That He
Wanted a gift
And I, so poor,
Had nothing
To give
But my heart . . .
Was it then
That He
Gave me
His heart?
Was it then
That I felt
The pain
That would
Have made
Me cry out—
If I had
Had a voice
To voice
A cry?
Was there
A moment
That pierced
Like a knife
When
He bent
And accepted
The gift
Of my heart?
I know
I am wound-less
And yet
I know
Without knowing
That somehow
I have now
A wounded heart
That lives
But to give
LOVE.
I am tearless
And yet
I know now
My heart
Is a fountain
Of tears
That keeps
Flowing
With

Infinite
Tenderness—
That seeks
But to heal
And make whole.
I am flame-less
For all to see . . .
And yet now
I know
Without knowing
That my heart
Is a flame
That consumes
Me
Without consuming
And lights
All it can
See and touch
With a flame
That partakes
Of the searing
Flame . . .
That is
THE SECOND
PERSON
OF THE
TRINITY
Who dwells
In eternity!
He took
My heart
And gave
Me His.
And now
I have
A wounded
Heart
That
Is a flame
That burns
Without rest
On its
Endless
Quest
For souls!

Little Things

By Robert Pelton

Edmonton, Alta.—My day at the Catholic Information Centre is like an average day in anyone's life. It is not exciting or dramatic. It possesses no world-shattering significance. It is fatiguing and sometimes even boring. It is a day of doing little things.

In the morning I unlock the door, turn on the light, and light the vigil light in front of the statue of Our Lady Queen of the Universe. I put the money in the cash-drawer, then set up the altar for our noon Mass. I answer the telephone and make a few orders, perhaps. After Mass I eat lunch. I sell a few pamphlets, Missals, books, and religious articles. Perhaps I tell someone a phone number or the location of a school or an address or the time of Mass at some summer resort. I may write a few letters.

Every once in a while, something rather unusual may happen, as it does in everyone's life, and someone with a special problem may come in. This, too, is only a little thing, for one problem among all the millions in the world is very small. At 5.15 I put the money away, blow out the vigil light, turn off the light, lock the door, and go home.

Little Gifts

I, like most people, am very poor, and these little things are all that I have to give to God. These few shabby minutes and unremarkable tasks are all that I have to give to Him for whom I, like most Catholics of good will, would gladly give anything.

And yet, because it is God Himself who has put me here and who has given me these little things to do, it is these things which He wants me to give Him and no others, no matter how grand and magnificent they may seem. To Him, these little things are infinitely precious, incredibly beautiful, because they have come from His own perfect love and because they are my way to love Him back.

These little things, then, have become terribly important to me, and so when I unlock the door or turn on the lights or light the vigil light or answer the telephone or set up the altar or wait on a customer or answer a question, I must try very hard, with Our Lady's help, to do each thing extremely well.

Little Glories

The Lord God of Hosts, who has measured out the seas and the rivers, who holds the galaxies in the palm of His hand, whose holiness makes the angels fall down on their faces, has deigned to ask me to glorify Him by these little things, to praise Him by doing them well, to love Him by doing them with the love of my whole soul.

Somehow, after a while, one rejoices that one has only little things to do, because then on each thing one can lavish all the love of a soul which was made to love. One rejoices in the death to self which this minute by minute love requires, which is offered for all those who long for this love and do not know where it is. One rejoices in the immense goodness and mercy of God who has been mindful of our weakness and

our poverty and has given us a love beyond all hoping and a joy beyond all dreaming. And our little things become the ointment of Magdalene and the water of the Samaritan woman, and our souls run over with that love of Christ which is the Holy Spirit for which we were destined from all eternity and which we will one day meet face to face.

Royalty Visits Yukon

By Doreen Rousseau

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—Writing articles for Restoration or various magazines is part of our apostolate at Madonna House or in any field house. Soon or later most staff workers are asked to write an article. Yet, imagine my surprise when Mamie, my director, asked me to write something for September Restoration! Many ideas ran through my mind but I thought our readers would enjoy hearing about the Queen's recent visit.

Preparations for the Royal Visit were being made for several months. The Army, the Air Force, civilians, and different units of the civil service were busy attending to every last detail so that things would run smoothly. Even the big sign "WELCOME TO WHITEHORSE" at the top of the TWO-MILE HILL was re-varnished. The stores, the homes, the streets were appropriately decorated for the Royal Visitors.

Sleep in Church

People came from as far away as Fairbanks, Alaska, and there were hundreds of tourists in town for this memorable occasion. Hotels, motels, rooming houses, and every available space was occupied. Some of the churches with spacious basements offered accommodations to the tourists. There was great excitement as this was the first time Queen Elizabeth had visited the Yukon.

Nearly everyone in town was at the Air Port when the Viscount, carrying the Royal Couple, landed. The weather was perfect. Commissioner and Mrs. Collins and many others were presented to Her Majesty and Prince Philip. The ceremony was beautiful but informal. Everyone sang "God Save the Queen".

The Royal Couple were taken to the RCAF Guest House to rest a bit and then they proceeded to downtown Whitehorse. Again many local citizens were presented to the Royal Visitors, and the latter began their tour of the historic museum on First Avenue. I'm sure they were pleased with what they saw, for the museum has many unusual and interesting sights.

The Queen Is Ill

Crossing the street, they visited the White Pass Railway Station, then boarded the train for an eight-mile ride to McRae. En route they could get a good view of the new dam, Miles Canyon, the new hospital and the Flats. They returned to Whitehorse by car and went to V.I.P. house.

Everyone was shocked to hear next day that Her Majesty was not well. Her trip to Dawson City and Mayo in the Yukon, and Yellowknife and Uranium City in the Northwest Territories, had to be cancelled. The Prince made the trip alone. Coming back to the Yukon, he enjoyed a fishing expedition, and the following day he and the Queen left the North. Fortunately she was much improved in health.

History had once more been made in this historic country. We will long remember the queen's visit and we pray that the Queen of Heaven will watch over her always.

I saw the Moon

I saw the moon
For the first time.
A circle of shine
Coming through a drape of dark;
Pouring through the dark
Its light,
White light,
Into me.
Light envelopes me.
Light bathes me.
Light washes my eyes clean.
Light into lungs I breathe
Through nostrils and mouth.
Light in veins—
Through my heart I feel it pulsing.

I paused for a moment to live in the light.
I paused to live.
So powerful the Light,
So powerful it did hold my gaze,
Did lift me by the eyes out of the dark
Where none could see me.
So powerful
The earth fell from below.
Suspended, suspended by the
Light, I . . . I was going to say . . .
I stood.

. . . A son of Light . . . stood . . .
suspended . . . in darkness . . .
So powerful that Light!
Yet I could look at it
I could look into it.
I could feel serene, comforted,
and clean in its presence.
For the light was Love.
It was not Light, after all, that
was pouring through the
Hole in the deep dark.
It was Love.

I was breathing Love . . .
Through nostrils and mouth into
lungs.
Love pulsing through veins,
Gushing through heart,
Enveloping, bathing the being
that stood in dark.
It was love that held fast my gaze.
So powerful that Love,
Of such a force,
It did lift me out of darkness.
It was love . . . love.
It was God — Love.
God.
For the first time
I saw the moon.

Our Lady Of Sorrows

By Catherine De Vinck

Walled in between the past and the future,
As a delicate garden, silver-painted,
With autumnal mist,
The day spreads out before me,
Freely breathing forth its unique
delight.
The children, crowned with flowering vines,
Tumble in the grass, laughing . . .
And I dwell in this blessed day,
Sheltered from wrath, fire and drought,
And yet immeasurably bound to seven sorrows
That endure beyond all place and time.
The seasons of long ago, the olive trees,
The hill of pain, the guards
Are drowned far beneath submarine depths:
But still the hand-wrought
swords are deeply thrust
Into the Virgin Heart.
The silver painted garden melts away;
In the distance, the children's
laughter fades,
And while the vital rhythm of love
Beats in my breast,
Seven fountains of light
spring forth
From seven ancient wounds;
Past, present and future blend
In a single sequence,
And, seven times,
The prince of this world is struck,
And defeated.



4 YEARS' WORK—1 SOUL A MAGNIFICENT REWARD!

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Four years is a very short period of time when viewed in eternity, yet there are moments when it can seem an eternity in itself. We are finite beings and as such are prone to look for good results in our work. I, for one, know full well that all we have to do as Catholics is to try to do our best. Results we must leave to God. Yet there have been times when I wished I could see some of the results.

Many times I have been asked the following questions by good people, learned people, or just plain holy people.

Some Questions

"Do you really think you are helping these men by giving them free food and clothing? Why don't you charge them something for their meals?"

The answer to that one is of course . . . How can you charge a man even a small fee when he has no money at all?"

"But, how about the people who are undeserving and take advantage of you?" It is better to serve 999 undeserving people than turn away one truly needy person. Besides, who am I to judge?

"I hope these men are grateful." There are a number, who when they get on their feet again, write to us to thank us. They sometimes enclose a donation.

"Oh, well, I suppose those are just the ones who have had a bit of bad luck and would have landed back on their feet anyway." My answer—it's possible. There are a few who have written thank you letters and fewer who have sent donations. Sometimes I feel a little guilty even mentioning it.

Then comes the question that has always made me feel sad, for in my weakness I too am looking for good results . . . something I can see . . . something I can touch.

Some Answers

"How many men have you rehabilitated, or how many have been converted by going to Marian Centre." For four years the answer has always been the same. None that I know of.

Four years, and the questions are always the same. In faith I know what we are doing is right. To feed and clothe Christ in His poor is to help feed and clothe the Mystical Body of Christ in a concrete way. Didn't He himself say, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat. I was naked and you clothed me. What you do to the least of them you do to ME."

One day a few weeks ago I was looking at our records. In the year 1956, over 35,000 men were fed; 1957 over 65,000, last year over 100,000 and by the end of July in 1959 over 80,000. I run up a total . . . 283,455! And the voices come to my mind. What good are you doing? Do you really think you are helping? Are they grateful? How many men have you rehabilitated? There are other ways of performing works of mercy. You could look after the sick, teach Catechism and instruct the ignorant. Why not do some of those things you know and can see are good?

Two hundred and eighty three thousand, four hundred and fifty five men, and to my knowledge not one who has mended his ways!

The weight has been becoming steadily heavier, every question an added load 'til the shoulders of my soul were becoming rounded and tired. It was becoming increasingly difficult to square them as I repeated the same things almost to myself now, as well as to others.

A Familiar Face

God must have decided to take compassion on my weakness. It has been my habit lately to make a short daily visit to our parish church. Always when I was there, I noticed a man whose whole being (though I could only see his back) spoke of a soul in deep prayer. Sometimes he would be kneeling before the altar of Our Lady, sometimes before that of St. Joseph, sometimes before the tabernacle of God Himself. I loved that man, and felt grateful to him for his obvious love of the unloved Almighty God. No tension here, no lack of trust or faith; simply a quiet love and it's fruit, deep peace.

One day he rose from before the Tabernacle and moved to pray before St. Joseph. I saw his face. I knew him. I had not seen him for three years. I remembered well the last time I had seen him. And in a moment I relived the whole event.

It was cold, with a bitter wind. We had finished the morning meal for the men, reset the table and were having our own dinner. The doorbell rang. I rose and went to the door. He stood before me, tall, thin, white-haired and white-faced, ill-clad, shaking in the wind, which whipped into the house through the open door . . . He spoke quietly, simply and without passion.

The Power Of Love

By Rev. E. Briere

Some thirty people attended "Vocations Week" during the Summer School at Madonna House this year. "Vocations" is a wide topic and to make sure that their questions were answered they were invited to state (1) their purpose in coming to this week, (2) the aspects they would like to see discussed.

Most answered that they had come to clarify their vocation. All emphasized the fact that they wanted to deepen their spiritual life. Here are some samples: "I came to M.H. for various reasons, the most important one, which sums them all up, is to become a complete Catholic . . ." "Came again this year as a refresher. It is comparable to a retreat and is a great means of catching up with our spiritual life." "I am 25 years old and still have not chosen a vocation. I am attracted to the vocation of marriage but during my early years the vocation to the religious life attracted me also."

God and Self

"I came especially for spiritual guidance, to observe the lay apostolate at work and to see if there was a vocation for me in the Church." "I have been thinking of marriage but before I make a definite choice I want to have a chance between God and myself, to be sure His Will is done." "To find out if I have a vocation for secular institute way of life." "To develop a deeper spiritual attitude in my daily life."

"To think things out in a quiet atmosphere which I found practically impossible on the outside." "To live Catholic, to learn from the spirit of the house, to provide me with zeal, and with courage and convictions to practise the true lay apostolate when I return to my usual duties and interests."

"To gain a greater love of God and of people." "To get to know the Baroness and Mr. Dee; their books inspire me." "I am especially interested in total dedication in the world." "I am getting married soon and want to prepare for a marriage in Christ." "I ardently desire to grow in being and ardently desire God's will for me."

How to Decide

The group provided the material for investigation and discussion. On "How do you decide your vocation?" for instance, they assessed the following points: desire, dedication, the physical, mental and spiritual prerequisites, prayer, spiritual direction, patience, experience, the call of Superiors, and especially the SINCERE DESIRE TO DO THE WILL OF GOD, not only in the matter of choosing a vocation, but EVERY DAY—RIGHT NOW!

During the last five minutes of the course, they wrote down their impressions: "I have been helped by getting down once again to the heart of the matter: God's Love." "I have learned much about love and about life. I have also found that I need to develop considerably in emotional maturity to live my life according to God's plan." "I have found this course centered upon the essentials and adapted to the audience."

"I realize that one week would never be enough to cover the whole topic of vocations. But I feel that the basic background has been supplied in this week. I loved the simplicity . . ." After this week it looks as if I really have to start loving God. I liked the discussion method; it really makes one think. "I realized that a vocation is not the complicated affair that most people make of it. Everyone is called to LOVE and each one of us must come to know in ourselves in what state of life we may best love and serve God, and be willing to make any sacrifices necessary for they will be made in return for a greater love."

Love, Love, Love

"I am very grateful for getting first things first—Love, and then, Where?" "To me this week meant: (1) growth in love by participation, by knowledge, by discussion, by thinking, (2) staying close to God by staying close to His friends, which is a real blessing." "Learned how important it is to love all people without reservations, not to be afraid to give 'til it hurts, to concern ourselves with the simple every day tasks we all think are unimportant."

"I think this has been the most tremendous week of my life. The one important thing in life which is taught and lived here is LOVE. I only hope that I will be able to live this principle from now on." "Especially impressed with the idea: 'God loved me first, God

is Love." "I have found out that my vocation is what I am doing and to have patience that God will grant me my true vocation of marriage. If He doesn't I will be content in His holy will."

"More than satisfied. I like the discussion group method as it promotes greater understanding. It might have been nice to have each one introduce themselves. Personal interview with B and one of the priests most informative and almost a requisite for the week." "Main impression: everyone's vocation is to love today. So often weeks like this turn out to be a 'How to decide your vocation' in ten easy steps kind of thing. Loving is something we can all do right here and now, and we all have to be reminded or learn for the first time, that loving is living. I shall work on it."

Love Is Vital

"This course has clarified my thinking; it has been most useful in the discussion of requirements for a vocation." "I was able to become better and more simply organized spiritually and mentally. Became aware of true Love which I know will help me to become eventually united with God." "This message that Love is the important thing makes life less confusing. It should be easy to remember through the years that to seek to love today is the one important thing in life." "I have now something solid to hold on to and from which to start anew. I have found peace and although I perfectly realize that such peace will again disappear when love will be lacking on my part, I hope to be able to remember to love God more, which is the most important thing to do."

"I appreciate this week in particular because it got to the heart of the matter, for I have always believed Love was and is everyone's job." "This week helped to uplift my spiritual life. I learned one big lesson. It was the fact this vocation was not for me."

"Liked course, learned plenty, but I still feel many sessions are over the heads of many, i.e. many young women of good Catholic families still will expect their choice of a young man for a life partner to have many material possessions. If he is in business for himself and honest and full of love, he cannot operate on modern means of business practice, so that he can't have as much financially."



Eureka! Love!

"Before I came I had a very vague idea of what Love means. Thanks to B and everyone here, I have made a wonderful discovery. Now I will try to apply what I have learned to my daily life. I hope and pray for the grace to LOVE." "The spirit of Madonna House and all its members has left an indelible mark. This simplicity dramatically brings into stark reality that God is our heavenly Father and we are His children. The Mystical Body is forcibly brought alive. The Lord of Love has been brought out of the realm of abstraction into the realm of reality. Live in love today. A perfect love is a perfect giving. Total surrender of self to God. We are called to a communal love and unity which is love of God and neighbor. We leave with deep impressions. Pray for me and God be with you."

The Staff Workers worked as usual, peeling potatoes, washing the laundry, repairing the cars, fixing broken things, weeding the gardens, answering the mail, doing as usual the usual little things, unawares that souls were being transformed, wondering perhaps if their life was of any value to anyone, their sweat, their aching muscles, their tiredness.

Let them read these statements and believe; and rejoice that brothers and sisters came here, and left with the desire of loving GOD and neighbor. Let them rejoice that the Lord of Love has been loved better for a week and that He will be loved better, perhaps for life, by many.

Such is the power of Love. Bloy has said: "There is only one sadness, that of not being saints." There is a greater sadness: that the Lord of Love is not loved! And the greater joy is to love Him, to see Him loved.

Who Can Find Us Here?

By Catherine Doherty

This year with a special vividness, I kept remembering May 17th, 1947, the day Eddie and I arrived to start our apostolate in Combermere.

It was such an immense and radical change from the slums of Chicago, the hustle and bustle of Friendship House there, to the serene beauty of these Canadian forests, the cool blue river passing by the doorstep of our little house, and the tall Laurentian Mountains in the distance. It was also a tremendous change from the modern conveniences of a big city, to the oil lamps and hand-pumped water of this far-away spot. Having unpacked and eaten a bit, we stood on the steps of the house, looking out at the incredible waters and mountains glowing in the golden-pink haze of a spring sunset.

The Pavements End

The place looked so removed, so tranquil, so far-away from the strife and pain of humanity that, involuntarily, I thought of it as a dead-end place. In all simplicity of heart I spoke aloud. "Truly we have come to the end of the world. I doubt if we shall see a great physical growth of the apostolate here. Who will come to such a far away hidden place, to serve God? I guess just a few of us will give our lives to Him here. Alleluia!"

Our Lady must have smiled at my foolish words. Standing on the same spot, this summer of 1959, I could see a throng of over one-hundred people, moving about the gardens, swimming, talking, drinking tea or coffee, or sitting in little groups, to discuss the lectures they just heard.

This was the time of our Summer School of the Lay Apostolate, and from all the States of the Union across the border, and the ten Provinces of Canada, they had come—some at great sacrifice—with a great hunger for God and the things of God, and a desire to know Him better.

Slowly I walked around, watching those eager faces. And as I walked, I remembered that here golden sands and wilderness once held sway. Now there are orchards, gardens full of flowers, and green mown lawns.

End? A Beginning!

Where once stood a little unfinished six-room family house, now an immense main house, all painted white, stretches out its wings, mothering many lesser houses and cabins. A little further away, there are farms—belonging to the apostolate where cattle and chickens, pigs and sheep, and acres of growing things provide food in abundance for all who come.

With gratitude in my heart, I realized that each summer the two concurrently run Summer Schools, one for families and the other for single people, were helping to bring men to God and God to men.

I marveled also at the kindness, the mercy, the grace of the Lord to us, Who brought us so many learned and holy priests, each a specialist in the weekly theme of the Summer School.

There was Monsignor Smyth, Director of the Catholic Social Life Conference, a celebrated priest throughout Canada. There was Father John Pesce, the fiery, apostolic Passionist from New York State, giving the doctrines of the Mystical Body in words that everyone could understand. There was Fr. Hugh from Conception Abbey in Conception, Missouri, pouring his love and knowledge of the Liturgy into young hearts. There was Fr. Werner of the Montford Fathers—lovingly teaching the fullness of truth about our Lady. And there was our own Father Briere, an expert on vocations, clarifying this important question to an eager crowd who had come here to find out what the will of God might be for them.

Vocation and Vacation

Three miles further down the road, a succession of holy and learned priests, gave lectures to parents who wanted to know how to get closer to God and bring their children closer to Him—combining study with a family vacation.

As if this were not enough, even while all this was going on, we were privileged to exhibit on our walls a beautiful collection of Russian icons (holy pictures), sent us by Mrs. Joseph J. Domas, to help our visitors understand the width and the breadth of Mother Church and her many Rites and the many ways she spills the beauty of God into the hearts of men.

A wondrous and extraordinary apostolate is that of Mrs. Domas. She runs a FREE LENDING LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS ART, at 35 Ridge Rd., New City, New York. Her library consists at present of seven mounted exhibits—

The LIFE OF MARY IN ART (large format)

THE LIFE OF MARY IN ART (smaller format)

THE BIBLE

MIRACLES & PARABLES OF JESUS

THE PASSION

MADONNAS OF THE WORLD

RUSSIAN ICONS

Presently there is being assembled an exhibit on the art of the separated Christian churches.

Exhibits Travel

Mrs. Domas sent us the Russian icons, first because, of course, I come from that country—and secondly, because she is interested in bringing to the Catholic public a better realization of the Eastern Art of the Catholic Church, helping to prepare men's minds for the forthcoming Ecumenical Council called by Pope John XXIII.

She sends these exhibits far and wide. They have travelled 140 times through the U.S.A. and Canada. They have been shown in schools, colleges, public libraries, seminaries, business houses, hospitals, penitentiaries, and state institutions. Once during Lent they even went to Congregational and Mormon Churches as well as to Russian Orthodox Club Conventions.

This brought home to me what one person in love with God can do. And it also reminded me of what I thought were my last famous words—as I stood on May 17th—on the sandy shores of the Madawaska.

Far Off Places

In the past 12 years, a wide path has been beaten to Madonna House by the world. I understand now that no matter how far one goes, if one tries to love and serve God, He and His Blessed Mother will bring many—to any place where this is done sincerely.

Great priests and laymen will come. And tremendous women like Mrs. Domas will help. And musicians and poets will bring their art to serve God. And the ranks of the apostolate will grow. And the wealth of God's beauty will be heard and seen in many far-away places. Alleluia!

ANYONE INTERESTED IN GETTING AN EXHIBIT . . . ONE WORTH WHILE GETTING . . . SHOULD WRITE MRS. DOMAS AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS. (Exhibits are loaned free, except for transportation costs).

FIRST SATURDAY

The 11th "Youth & Children's Day in honor of Our Lady of Fatima" will be celebrated October 3.

This project of the Catholic Woman's League has spread to world-wide proportions. Its PRIMARY aim is an increase in First Saturday devotions.

The Catholic Woman's League feels that none of this extension would have been possible had it not been the express wish of Our Lady and are counting on Her continued assistance. They want to thank all of Her friends who have voluntarily been so self-sacrificing in helping to promote this day. They expressly want to thank the sisters for their unflinching co-operation with the pastors, under whose direction the celebrations take place. Mrs. T. F. Larkin, Jr., 725 W. Colorado Blvd., Dallas, Texas is the National Director.

"The priest should recognize the need to listen and learn from the layman about the temporal order if a living theology is to be forthcoming. A living theology that stays abreast of a swiftly evolving world is a vital necessity for the layman. On the other hand a dialogue between priest and people, between the world of religion and the downtown world, should help the priest to break the bread of life for his flock more realistically."

Rev. Louis Putz,
"An Emerging Theology"
Commonweal, Aug., 1957

Cooking with Mary

Isn't it too bad that during this watermelon season all the rinds of that marvelous thirst-quenching fruit-vegetable are thrown in the garbage can?

Thrown away when they could produce pickles and candies, decorations for cake icings, and save money for Christmas Cakes and "boughten peels" which they replace so well!

I thought our readers would like to know some of those recipes:

Watermelon Rind Peel

For use as "peel" in cakes and other sweet breads, or for cake decoration on top, or for Christmas cakes, or for candies—as you use orange peel—use this very old Russian recipe: From watermelon rind, cut off very thinly the hard green outside skin, and from inside the pink—do not cut too deeply there, for a little pink does not matter. Try to cut afterwards the pared watermelon rind evenly into neat cubes of about ½ inch square all 'round. Don't fuss much about the size, it really doesn't matter—it just looks better! You also can, if you wish, cut them into strips (the strips cannot be too thin—¼ inch thick).

Put into cold water, barely enough to cover (for there is much water in the rind of watermelon). MAKE SURE IT IS COLD WATER. YOU START WITH. Bring to boil, and boil until the rind is tender—Here watchfulness is necessary—not to allow them to boil too long—then the whole deal is spoiled completely. They have to be soft but firm.

In the meantime, to each ½ lb. of uncooked rind, you take 1 lb. of sugar, which means that you have to weigh the rinds before you start boiling them, and also weigh the sugar previous to starting this step. Remember the sugar is twice the amount of rind (i.e. ½ lb. of rind to 1 lb. sugar).

Now prepare the syrup. To each pound of sugar, add ½ cup of water. Into this you put the core of one fresh lemon, grated, and the juice of the same lemon. Now pour prepared syrup of sugar, water, lemon juice and rind, into the pan in which you are boiling the rind. Boil a little longer—5—10 minutes—until it has absorbed the sugar. Take it out. It is now soft and clear, but FIRM, dry on brown paper, and when ready, dust with icing sugar. Put in a jar to keep—separating each layer from the other by waxed paper. Cover tightly and let stand until needed.

STEWED WATERMELON RIND

Watermelon rind
1 tsp. salt
Water
3 tbsps. margarine, melted
pepper

Trim green skin from watermelon rind, and leave a little pink meat on rind. Cut into 1-inch cubes to make 6 cups. Put cubed rind in saucpan with tight-fitting cover. Add salt and just enough water to cover bottom of saucpan. Cover, and simmer 20 minutes, or until rind is tender. Drain well. Add margarine and pepper to taste.

WATERMELON RIND IN TOMATO SAUCE

2 tbsps. oil
1 medium onion, chopped
1—19-ounce can tomatoes
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. basil
Watermelon rind

Trim green skin from watermelon rind, and remove all pink portion. Cut rind into thin short slivers to make 2 cups. Coat slices of rind well on all sides with pancake flour. Heat oil in skillet; fry rind until browned on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot. Sprinkle with salt.

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page One)

One thing I do ask. Never let me stray far from You, in sin, in suffering, in joy. When You see me begin to straggle off into some old path of mine, fetch me back to You, even if it takes the curl of Your leash to do it. I am an eel, Lord, and will slip away unless You—or Our Lady, Your Mother—watch me closely. I am an eel and a heel. But I love You and want to stay in Your shadow until I see You in heaven. (Besides, I do not want to go to hell.) Bless me, God, Your Eddie.

CHIT CHAT APOSTOLATE

(Continued from Page One)

They Do Things

The back yards of these homes are open to the children from the block to use the swings and sand boxes and plastic pools. These are the quiet peacemakers who move into a neighborhood, make friends with everyone, bring together neighbors who hadn't spoken for years, or had never even met. These are the people who are concerned about getting a stop sign at the corner.

Because they love not merely their fellow Christians or fellow Apostles but all men, they are truly concerned with their neighbors. They are thinking about other people. To those used to thinking only of themselves, this is startling.

They have security within their own homes, so consequently they are willing to have others come in. Listen to the children of one family, which has many small visitors. "Mommie, WHY do they have to go back? Why can't they just stay with us now?"

Being trained from infancy to accept people as they are, without prejudice or discrimination—what wonderful adults—what marvelous apostles they'll be! These homes are open to foster children of all races and backgrounds—to the mentally retarded who so need love and understanding. Truly they image the Mystical Body—the Church—the Community of the People of God. Truly greater love than this no man has than he who is willing to lay down his life day by day hour by hour, minute by minute for Christ in his neighbor.

New Ways To Serve

By Jos. K. Hogan

The love of Christ compels us always to find new ways to serve the Lord. Many are the fears and distractions which lead us away from our Redeemer, but God is incessant in the demands of His Love. Never are we alone. God's love is full and complete. And with God there is no end.

God loves the world with an infinite love. Man can disorder the universe but even from this disorder good will come.

While Asia Weeps

The Church has a universal longing to save souls. This comes from Christ. Today only 3 per cent of the continent of Asia is Christian. For us, who have so much to give, this is a scandal. Asia weeps for God. This weeping is the weeping of people for food. This weeping is the weeping of people as they die. It is a tragic weeping because they know not the mystery of the cross.

Christ desires the conversion of the East, and Providence has, in hidden ways, prepared the East for the advent of the Church. The East is the fertile field for contemplatives. The key to its conversion is you and I.

We are the fragile vessels of election God has chosen for this work. We have been chosen, not because we are strong, but because we are weak. Our time is now.

The missionary job is to be done by competent people. They must have simplicity, humility, adaptability, love of work, and obedience. And they must have a knowledge of their religion, and of their work. Simplicity leads one into accepting people as they are, not "lording it over them" with our superior knowledge, and not "snowing them under" with mechanical devotions.

Our World Sleeps

Simplicity is learned by starting now to recognize what is undue complexity in our own society, and not allowing ourselves to become slaves to it.

We cannot have the attitude that we are right, they are wrong; they are savage, we are civilized; We are intelligent, they are stupid; we farm the right way, they the wrong way; they are pagan, we are Christian. This takes humility.

Humility lets us understand that our cultural life (or parts of it) is not perfect. We must unite what is good in the East to what is good in Christendom, so that, eventually, all may be one in Christ.

In external things the lay missionary must be willing to become one with those he serves. He must adapt himself in many ways. For instance, he must be poor to serve the poor with love. But he must not be unreasonable in trying to adjust himself to view conditions.

Use Common Sense

For instance a New Yorker set down in the Orient should not try overnight, to live on a rice and fish diet. He would have to get used to such food gradually.

A lay missionary cannot be lazy. In some places hard physical work will be necessary even for day to day survival. The lay missionary is building a Church and the visible foundations must be set up. Manual labor is despised by many classes of people in Asia. So the layman must prove that work is honourable.

In India there is a certain pessimism about building for the future. This must be overcome.

The dignity of work is taught best by work. One can expect a ten hour day at least. And it will be hard manual work under difficult conditions. A world has to be saved. Work is essential.

Blood Will Tell

Obedience to the hierarchy is the life-blood of the lay apostolate. Obedience proclaims the lay missionary a true child of the Church.

Knowledge of his religion is part and parcel of a good Catholic. He cannot give what he does not have. Awareness of the work of the Church, of Catholic theology and philosophy, social theory, spiritual life, liturgy and history are immediate aids to the lay missionary; for he is always a teacher.

Too much cannot be said about competency in one's technical skill. What good is a poor mechanic? Religion alone does not substitute for a doctor who cannot operate. Religion alone does not substitute for a farmer who cannot farm. Our technical skill may mean life or death for many people.

The backbone of the lay missionary movement will be the Secular Institutes. They are lay and priestly organizations, canonically erected, offering a fully dedicated life in the apostolate, under vows or promises in a state of perfection.

Already there are some 200 such Institutes seeking canonical erection in Rome.

FAIR WARNING

By Ed Murray

I was not warned! I was unaware of what I was walking into! Caught by surprise, I was completely ignorant of the fact that at Madonna House I would be forced to make the greatest decision of my life, albeit the easiest. Now I don't even have the "right of ignorance" (which many people appear to have) of just being an "ordinary Catholic." If this in any way appalls you, it might be better if you stopped reading this newspaper immediately, as it has no other purpose than to bring you to same decision—for now I am giving you fair warning.

To explain how this crisis occurred, I must first tell you what Madonna House really is. M.H. is nothing more nor less than an armory of the Mother of God, Mary. What I found even more surprising was that once I had entered its portals, and some of the smog which I had brought in with me had cleared, I found that she was placing into my hands an extraordinarily beautiful but extremely heavy weapon. It was a two-edged sword which I noted was similar to the bloodied ones that everyone about me was wielding, though not as sharp nor as radiant as those others.

A Two-Edged Sword

So heavy was it that I could not lift it to read the inscription, and I looked at her askance. She raised it easily with one hand placed over mine, yet she seemed to support it only enough so that it was still a heavy burden for me. She bent and whispered, "Humility is strength." I nodded my thanks and read the inscription on this amazing gift: Wielded You Conquer, Relinquished You Fall; Sharpened You Triumph, Dulled and You Perish. I looked up quickly at Mary again. She smiled and handed me a new sharpening stone with a single word printed on all sides; Prayer.

Even though I speak in a metaphor, I could not be more realistically in earnest. Look at the sword. One edge is Truth—that gift of God's Self by which we can see things as they really exist and in true relation to the final Reality—God Himself. The other edge is Love—not the common, selfish, erroneous concept, but that consuming desire to give all and receive nothing, because its object is alone or indirectly meritorious of receiving everything good that we can give.

We can't fight successfully with half a sword. Neither can we have Truth without Love or Love without Truth. And finally Mary's

sword, which is Christ's gift to us through her, must be improved upon, or it will rust and snap, and it must be continually kept sharp or it loses its effectiveness. Without prayer, any degree of grace no matter how great will be lost—and again I do not refer to the popular concept of a succession of words necessarily said in a kneeling position, but to the act of striving to live as completely as possible with Christ and Mary in every act that we perform, be it little or big, be it kneeling in front of Him or sweeping the kitchen floor.

A Heavy Sword

But also be warned that this sword is very heavy indeed. First we have responsibility. Possessing Truth, and therein the power to love, a gift which not many have been granted, we have the least excuse of all not to become saints. Likewise, we will fall the farthest if we fall. Secondly the pure love of which I speak is inversely proportional to our self-love. We can't give without losing, and losing ourselves is quite painful.

So now you are fully warned. If you have ever thought of visiting M.H., think twice, for you know beforehand the choice you will be forced—yes, gently but firmly forced by Mary—to face; though it would take a fool indeed to choose eternal death.

Think thrice, and you will realize that, in being warned, you have also lost any claim to a

Spiritual Formation And Social Action

By Rev. Paul Marx, O.S.B.

My topic, "Spiritual Formation and the Social Action Apostolate," implies that the two are intimately related. We cannot have either without the other.

Spiritual formation would seem to include a certain Christian mentality, adequate spiritual motivation, proper human and intellectual development or knowledge and the divine energy (grace) to be a total Christian in one's particular social environment. By the apostolate of social action is meant any concerted or group action by Catholics, rooted in Christian love, for the sake of the human and Christian development of society.

Two Things Needed

That spiritual formation and social action go together is indicated by the words of Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*: "Two things are most necessary: reform of institutions and reform of morals." Since there will be no moral reform without spiritual growth, let us first give our attention to the nature and importance of spiritual formation.

Proper spiritual formation presupposes adequate "human formation." This may never be neglected. The best flowering of natural gifts makes apostolic action easier and more effective. Suitable intellectual growth is likewise essential. Obviously, there can be no Christian mentality and spirituality apart from Christ. It is more than a cliché to say that the soul of all reform is the reform of the soul. The mainspring of all Catholic individual and social life and action is divine grace.

As Pius XI remarked, "in the last analysis all permanent Catholic social reform begins in the sanctuary." The great temptation for a nation in a time of international crisis is to be so concerned about the dangers and enemies from without, as to overlook the decay within—the spiritual chaos within the souls of men. According to Father-Virgil Michel:

"First the inner conversion, and a tested and tried conversion at that, and then the external apostolate. Even then not too much action at once, not action for action's sake, but action out of the abundance of the inner life, under pressure of the supernatural e'lan vital of the true Christian."

Through The Mass

Whence this inner conversion and life? How, in short, put on Christ and continue His redemptive life and action in the world? In the light of the many papal documents of the last 50 years the answer can only be: chiefly through the active participation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the sacramental life.

In 1903, St. Pius X, who knew parish problems well, insisted that "the foremost and indispensable font" of the "true Christian

spirit" is the active and intelligent participation of the laity in the most holy mysteries, and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church.

In repeating this with renewed insistence 25 years later, Pius XI deplored what he called "merely detached and silent spectators" at Mass. The late Holy Father in his encyclical on the liturgy, *Mediator Dei*, again clarified, in the longest encyclical ever written, that the Mass is "the source and center of Christian piety."

"Christ acts each day," he observed, "to save us, in the sacraments and in His Holy Sacrifice." But some of the laity do not act with Christ in offering up His Sacrifice, and so are not fully in contact with Him, neither can they fully cooperate with Him at Mass nor in the apostolate. The greatest obstacle for Christ, who wills to continue His mission through the members of His Mystical Body, is the non-participation at the Holy Sacrifice by the laity.

Dead Silence

Consider the lethargy of the average Sunday congregation at Mass; note the deadening, almost haunting, silence and passivity. Even if the best of them worship God in mind and will, still their worship is not fully human, and is therefore incomplete. Remember, that the popes for 50 years have been asking them to worship God, as a congregation; internally and externally, as a community.

Can one really expect these Catholics to make the enormous sacrifices required to live the apostolic life when they are so inactive, so cold, so indifferent; when their whole being should be fully in contact with Christ while offering His All Holy Sacrifice?

Can we expect such Catholics to be silent individualists in the performance of what Pius XII called "their highest privilege and greatest duty", and be truly social-minded in the performance of their other duties in the temporal order?

To ask the question is to suggest the answer. Said the Abbe Michonneau: "We are drawn, inevitably, to the heart of the problem, which is the re-Christianization of the life of our people at its source."

(To Be Continued)

Missionaries Needed

Young Catholic women of Canada are wanted to work as missionaries in Brazil. His Excellency, Bishop Antonio Frago, of Maranhao, sends them the following invitation:

In the North of Brazil, millions and millions of your sisters are hungry and thirsty. They are hungry for Love; they are thirsty for Life. They barely know God and the good heart of our beloved Mother, the Church. Who will acquaint them with the dimensions of the Charity of Christ and of His Church? Who will evangelize them? Our Priests are overwhelmed as it is. Imagine: 1 priest for every 15,000 to 20,000 baptized persons.

Our girls get married very young without any preparation. Consequently, family life suffers: young women are abandoned, without any resources with one or two children. Often, the result is free love. Who will teach your unfortunate sisters the plan of God on love, on their engagement, on their wedded life?

The abandoned mothers live in poor houses, unable to educate their children and prepare for their futures properly. Who will pay them a friendly visit? Who will show them Christ's love? Who will educate them on childhood and teen-age psychology? Who will help them build a Christian home?

Who will recruit generous young women and prepare them for the teaching of Catechism? It is you, Catholic young women, you, fortunate Canadians. Listen to this call of Christ and of His Church which comes to you from Maranhao, Brazil.

If you answer "yes" contact the INSTITUTE OF THE OBLATE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE, members of which are in the four corners of the earth. There you would receive an indispensable missionary formation. You may work beside Canadian priests from Nicolet, Sherbrooke, Saint Hyacinthe — For more details, write to: The Oblate Missionaries of the Immaculate, 20 Sanctuary Street, Cap de la Madeleine, Que.

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is a religion to be
lived
and not to be
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